SONIC THE HEDGEHOG

(revised Bible)

uncle chuck
twins kidnapped.

- 3D Holographs
- Tails tails
- How does Sally tell the King is still alive
- Why does Rob want the rings if he can't use them

- Sonic wears a backpack?
- Sonic spin still missing
  - B/F chomps 2)
  - On Buzzbombers
    to knock him down
    to where the water bubbles can hit

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PUPPETS

THE SERIES

And you think livin' in Burbank is bad?

Are you serious? The ol' B-Town is paradis-o compared to livin' on MOBIUS. You're probably goin', "Mobius? What's a Mobius?" Hey...no prob. Mobius is the planet where I was born. It's right next to another planet called TOYSBIUS. Heh, heh. Little joke there. Anyways, I was actually born in Mobo -- that's short for Mobotropolis -- which is the capitol of Mobius, and it used to be way, way past cool. All the Mobo-ite's really had it together, know what I'm sayin'? We were happy, healthy and happenin'. The adults like,...even had jobs. Our schools were mondo-cool, too -- did I say that? I loved the old Mobo. Life was sweet.

Not anymore.

Not since this geek called DR. ROBOTNIK -- I call him Butt-Nik for short -- raised his ugly ol' head. And it is ugly. Serious. Know what this Prince of Dorkness did? Check it -- he closed the schools, closed the libraries, outlawed music, which meant no humming, no singing in the shower and no whistling for a cab; we couldn't laugh, couldn't dance, couldn't play games and do you believe this -- couldn't have fun. Serious. Fun is a felony.

Fel-o-ny.

There's a slogan that goes, "Have fun, go to jail." On Mobius, fun is the 'F-word.'

Robotnik

Burbank is soundin' better by the Mobius-minute, right?

Anyway, Butt-Nik built this ROBO SWAT TEAM that cannonballed around town capturin' most of the Mobo-itels, then he used this weird machine I call the 'Veg-O', that turned 'em all into robots and now he works 'em like slaves in his crummy factories.

Butt-Nik even changed our city's name from Mobotropolis to Robotropolis. Like I was sayin' before, Mobo was excellent. Totally eco'd-out, too. We had solar power, clean air, clean parks, clean streets, but now it is scary. Dark. Dirty. Swat-Bots motorin' the streets while Butt-Nik's factories suck up power and ralph tons of smoke and chemical junk into the sky. Technology from hell. Like the sun can hardly shine through all that gunge.

We're talkin' 'Blade Runner'-time.

This mondo-ugly city is growin', too. Like some kinda black plague. Growin' right over forests, deserts and mountains, wasting everything in its path. Butt-Nik keeps sayin' that some day his city's gonna cover all of Mobius and he'll control everything on it.

Sonic

No-ot!

Not while me and the Freedom Fighters are still suckin' air. Now you're probably goin', "Hey, like who are you?"

My name's SONIC. I'm a HEDGEHOG, but enough about me, let's talk about what you think of me. Heh, heh. Little joke there. Okay, okay, this is what's happenin'. Me and the Freedom Fighters are all that's standin' in Butt-Nik's way.

You know, we're kinda Robin Hoodish.

Freedom Fighters

We hang in the Great Forest in a secret place called KNOTHOLE. From there we work hard at bringin' the dead parts of Mobius back to life, and...we bum-rush Butt-Nik and his Swat-Bots every chance we get. Haven't stopped 'em yet, but we will. Someday Mobius'll be alive again, then we can all go home.

Serious.

King Acorn

Check this,...one of my Freedom Fighters is a Princess. A for real princess. And not the kind from Encino. PRINCESS SALLY ACORN. She's fourteen. One year younger than me. Her Dad used to be King of Mobius. He was totally cool. Everyone liked him. Then one day -- ZAP! -- he disappeared and nobody's seen him since. The same day, Butt-Nik took over the whole planet and because Princess Sal -- I call her Sal for short -- is heir to the throne until her Dad is found, she took off to hide in the Great Forest with one of the King's dofus guards, ANTOINE D'COOLETTE -- I call him "Ant" for short -- who happens to be a major dork. He's always tryin' to impress Sal with how swave and de-boner he is.

Are you serious!

Check this out, okay -- the Swat Bot's show up, right, and try to kidnap Sal, but Ant is all talk and not a whole lotta action. Luckily, me and the Freedom Fighters came whippin' along and saved Sal from the Vego-O.

So she asked me if we'd help find her Dad, restore him to power and dust Butt-Nik. I was psyched! I'd like nothin' better than to flush Butt-Nik right down the ol' toilet-o.

THE CHARACTERS

You already know my name and that I'm a Hedgehog, right? Okay, well, I can move pretty fast. Fact is, I'm so fast I can turn the light off in my room and be in bed before it's dark. I'm faster than a bullet. Even in reverse. Actually, I'm a six-speed Hedgehog! Sub-sonic for swimmin' under water, ultra-sonic, super-sonic, trans-sonic and hyper-sonic. And at at crunch time, I can crank it up to warp-sonic. That's when my cheeks stretch all outta shape and I look totally wacked. I also do the Triple-S, which stands for Super Sonic Spin. Like, I roll up into this ball, right... and start spinnin' -- faster and faster -- then BOING! -- I use my Hedgehog spines like buzzsaw blades. I can buzz right through walls, rocks, trees, whatever.

It is excellent.

I'm big on entrances, too. VA-ROOOOM! I blast across the floor, rip up one wall, tear across the ceiling, zip down the other wall and SCRE-EECHHH! to a hectic stop, flames burnin' in my red sneaker skid marks.

Serious!!

Uncle Chuck

See, I grew up on the streets of Mobo with my UNCLE CHUCK and my dog, MUTTSKIMEISTER. I call him Muttski for short. Anyways, Uncle Chuck had this ultra chili dog stand and I was his delivery boy 'cause I was a rocket. Problem was, I kept burnin' the soles right off my sneaks. But Uncle Chuck's really smart, okay, so he invented these hectic sneakers that can taken any speed.

Anyway, Uncle Chuck opened five more chili dog stands, business was happenin' and I was scorchin' the asphalt! Then Butt-Nik and all his techno-junk came along and wrecked everything. Uncle Chuck helped me escape into the Great Forest, but he was caught by the Swat-Bots and turned into a robot. Even worse, so was Muttski. Uncle Chuck works in one of Butt-Nik's factories and Muttski is a guard dog somewhere. Someday I'll find 'em, change 'em back to normal and we'll be a family again.

Uncle Chuck + Muttski

I wish Butt-Nik was here right now -- WHAM! BAM! BOOM! -- he'd be dust.

I do everything fast. Eat, talk, read, dance, play guitar, you name it. I even think fast. Too fast sometimes. Then I go whippin' into situations sneakers-first and usually end up in big trouble. Like when I get this really hectic urge to find Muttski and Uncle Chuck or feel like wolfin' down a double-cheese chili dog. I just blast-off for the city with no real plan in mind. But Robo-town has Swat-Bot's cruisin' all over so it's pretty risky.

Every time I hit the city, Sal goes nuts.

Even if I bring her back a double chili n' cheese, she's still mad. She calls me foolhardy and impetuous. Sal uses a lotta big words I don't understand. Doesn't mean I'm dumb. It's just that I've gotta feel for stuff you can't learn from books or computers. It's called street-smarts.

Sal has this little pocket computer she uses that's really excellent. It can actually project 3-D holographs and stuff. -> great Serious. But computers make me feel kinda lame. Sal says I've

how can you planning to make this!

gotta learn to use my brain and not always depend on my gut feelings. She says the only way we'll ever beat Butt-Nik is by combinin' brains and gut feelings. Maybe she's right. She usually is.

Sal's totally smart, but she ain't perfect. Like she's too -- what's the word -- in-tellec-tual. I wish she'd learn to drop the ol' royal attitude and have some fun. Sometimes she acts like she's thirty years old. But she has this way about her that when she speaks, people listen.

Guess that's why she's a Princess.

"My other friends are way past cool, too, and I'd like to hang here and tell you about 'em, but they can do that. I've got places to zip, robots to rip! Later. Gotta juice!!"

Sonic jumps up, hovers as his red-sneakered feet churn in a blur, hits the ground with a CHIRP and -- VRO-OOOM!! -- he rockets O.S. in a neck-snapping foot-wheelie, leaving a trail of smoking skid marks that burst into flames and YELLING his trademark, "Hasta la vista, Meestah!" as he goes.

Attractive teenaged GIRL runs in and looks after Sonic, hands on her hips. She shakes her head. "Sonic should have formally introduced us, but I'm not surprised. He's always in a mad rush to go somewhere. Oh, excuse my bad manners. My name is SALLY ACORN,... not Sal, as a certain Hedgehog calls me, and not Princess Sally, either,...Sally will be fine, thank you. Like Sonic said, I am a princess, but out here in the Great Forest,

titles are meaningless. I'd prefer to be just normal, but that's not always easy. People look to me for answers and I don't want to disappoint them. I guess it's in my blood.

King Acorn

Sonic mentioned my father's disappearance and it's perfectly obvious that Dr. Robotnik is responsible. In spite of the odds, I will never, ever give up the search for my father, or the Freedom Fighter's battle to stop Robotnik! I know Daddy would be proud of what we're doing. He's alive somewhere on Mobius, I'm sure of that. Just as sure that one day we'll find him.

I miss him so.

Princess Sally

Daddy said I was always headstrong and independent, even as a little girl. He taught me that girls can do anything boys can and it's true. That's why if the Freedom Fighters go on a mission and don't include me I tend to get very upset. Sonic says I become the Princess from Hell. Of course, I never let on that deep down I'm frightened or unsure of myself, even though sometimes I am.

But I won't back down from anybody.

Being a princess isn't easy. People treat you like royalty, so it's hard to be yourself. It's almost like I never had a childhood. Maybe that's why at times I feel like Sonic's mother and say things like, 'Sonic, slow down! Sonic, you have a brain, use it! Sonic, stop acting like a child!' Then he gets angry and we argue like David and Maddie.

He says I'm too serious. I say he's never serious and makes jokes out of everything. The arguments usually end with Sonic stomping out and slamming the door. Still, I adore Sonic. He's

very cute, very funny, very brave and honestly, I don't know what I'd do without him.

But don't tell him that. (GIGGLES)

As for the other boys in my life, ...well, there's Tails, who is so adorable. He's like the little brother I never had but always wanted. Then there's Antione, who is the complete opposite of Sonic. Stiff-upper-lipped, by-the-book, handsome, very bright, but not a drop of common sense. Antione is crazy about me, I'm afraid, and he'll do anything to win my affection, even lie, steal or cheat. He can be a bore, but he's well-mannered, loyal to my father and usually means well.

Besides, he keeps Sonic on his toes.

Boomer is a good friend too. Dependable, sweet and a real gentleman. Though you'd never know it to look at him. He's the only boy I can talk to about very emotional things and he seems to understand. Bunnie is my best girlfriend, even though we're totally different people. She always makes me laugh and she's always there for me if I need her. Sometimes she does or says things that embarrass me, but that's my problem. Often, I wish I could be more like her. Anyway, I have to dash. Au revoir."

Sally exits and a YOUNG FOX with a beachball-body and two tails waddles into view, sucking his thumb, index finger curled around his nose. He wears a too-big cowboy hat and holsters packing twin rubber-tipped dart guns. He stumbles and almost falls on his face, the cowboy hat dropping over his eyes. He

speaks in a deep, gravely voice with a country accent. "Howdy. My name's TAILS. I'm four and half-years old, almost four and three-quarters. That's big. I love Sonic 'cause he's so-o coo-ol and so-o fast. Faster than the wind. Faster than Superman. Faster than Batman. Faster than Spiderman. Faster than anything. Someday I'm gonna be that fast, too. Maybe even faster!

VROO-OOOOMMM!!! Hee, hee.

Tails

Sonic is my best friend in the world, but sometimes I give him a big headache 'cause I ask a jillion questions. 'How'd you do that? Where you goin'? Why ya goin' there for?' He gets a real funny look on his face, like he's gotta go to the bathroom. Hee, hee.

I've lived in the Great Forest all my life, so I know lotsa things about bugs, animals, birds, secret hidin' places an' all that kinda neat stuff. Sonic says I saved their tushes more than once.

But I wanna go to the big city where Sonic comes from, 'cause it sounds like a neat-o place. You can buy chili dogs there an' I loo-ove chili dogs! Yessss!

Sonic tried to teach me his fast-blast take-off, but I always fall down. So far I've tried it six thousand times. Fell down six thousand times.

I love Sonic. He's my hero.

I love Princess Sally, too. She reads me stories and teaches me lotsa neat-o things, even about computers. She gives me hugs when I cry an' sometimes even when I don't.

Antoine is a dofus. Hee, hee.

I hate Robotnik. He's mean an' scary and wants to kill all the trees and bushes and rivers and lakes!

Bunnie is nice, but she has a weird body.

Boomer looks mean, but he's nice even though his breath is yucky. Sometimes he gives me rides or makes me neat-o toys.

I call Mr. Nate Grandpa. He tucks me in bed, does magic, talks to animals, tells me neat-o stories an' lets me sit on his lap. And if I get sick, he make me feel better.

"Gotta juice!"

He screws up his face, eyes shut tight in concentration and his twin-tails roll up like twisted rubber bands. Then he jumps up, pops open his eyes and the tails unwind, shooting Tails O.S.about three inches above the ground. "Hasta la vista, Meestah," he YELLS, lurching O.S. HOLD A BEAT, then there's an O.S.THUD and GRUNT, followed by, "Aw, nuts!"

We hear loud, METALLIC THUMPING and SQUEAKING approach, then a small creature --pure ROBOT from neck down and pure RABBIT from neck up, leaps into shot in karate pose, hitting the ground with a SCENE-SHAKING THUMP! She wears make-up, a headband and her long, floppy ears are twisted back into single French braid. She smiles, revealing a chunk of red lipstick on one front tooth. She cracks her gum a few times and says, "How ya all doin'? I'm BUNNIE RABBOT. You can call me Buns, you can call me Bunnie, but donchou' ever call me BUGS! (GIGGLES) Ya all're probably

wonderin' what the hip-hop happened to me, huh? Not a pretty picture. I was caught by the Swat-Bot's who're about the nastiest bunch of metal heads I ever did see, and they put me into that robot machine Sonic calls the 'Veg-O. Well, I'm here to tell ya all, my worst nightmare started comin' true before me very eyes. When I looked down and saw my bodacious bunny-bod turnin' into a ...a you-know-what! Why it gives me the wee-willies just thinkin' about it. There I was more than halfway through that nasty machine when Sonic and the other Freedom Fighters came racin' to my rescue.

Bunny

I was never so glad to see anybody in my whole life.

From that moment on, I swore on my Mama's jewelry box that I would devote myself to stoppin' Robotnik from destroyin' Mobius. Sonic and the other boys took me back to Knothole and that's where I met Sally Acorn. Well, she was just as nice as she could be, helpin' me adjust to livin' with my new Body by Fisher,... (GIGGLES)...That's a good one! Anyway, I had no idea she was the Princess. My stars alive, now she's my best friend and we tell each other every little ol' thing.

I still can't believe that someday she'll be a Queen. Not that she won't be a good Queen. She'll be just fabulous. She is so-o smart. Why, when anyone asks who's the brains behind the Freedom Fighters, we all point to Sally. She's the one who comes up with most of the plans to doink Robotnik. I asked her if someday I could be the Royal Hairdresser -- that's my dream, to be a hairdresser -- and she said yes! My stars! The thought of bein' the Royal Hairdresser just tickles me silly.

Bunny

'Case you're wonderin', I'm from Southern Mobius, but you probably guessed that by my cute li'l ol' accent and sugar-sweet disposition. (GIGGLES) Lucky I have such a perky personality, 'cause boys sure don't chase me for my hard body. Can't hardly blame 'em, either. I clank and squeak like an ol' Chevy if I don't keep my joints oiled. It's a real pain in the you-know-what, but it's not all bad. I'm super-strong and since Sally taught me some of those martial arts thingamajigs, why I can flatten a door with one kick, split a boulder with a judo chop and just plain ol' pound some Swat-Bot be-hind.

Speakin' of be-hinds,...I dearly love boys.

I can sit for hours and watch 'em walk by one by one. Um-um. Now Sonic is a real sweetheart, but he's already taken, he just doesn't know it. Not to worry, 'cause I've got my eye on Boomer. I'm a sucker for shy boys. We just gotta do somethin' about his breath. Lord have mercy. Makes my arm hairs stand on end. And since every girl needs a back-up, I've got my other eye on Antoine. He's a bit of a boob, but cute as a button and more fun than anything to tease. (GIGGLES) Well, I've gotta toodle. We'll talk later. Bah-bah."

Boomer

As Bunnie CLUNKS off, a big SEA LION enters. He wears yellow hi-tops, glasses and a baseball cap on backwards. He pushes glasses up off end of his nose with middle finger, clears his throat and says in high-pitched, SQUEAKY VOICE. "'Lo. Um, my name's BOOMER. My Dad named me that after he heard my deep,

booming voice. (SNORTY LAUGH) I grew up in Mobotropolis same as Sonic. Actually, we lived right next door to each other all our unnatural lives. (LAUGHS) I'm his best friend and he's my best friend. Growin' up we did everything together.

Boomer

Um, except chase girls.

I can't chase girls. Not that I don't like 'em. I totally do, but they make me so nervous I get the hiccups and can't stop. Makes for a fabulous social life. Actually, there are some girls that don't make me nervous. Sally for one. But even if girls didn't give me the hiccups, I'd still have a problem. I eat fish by the ton. Girls don't like fish-breath. Who does?

Sonic calls it the "Death-Ray". (LAUGHS)

It won't croak anyone, but one big exhale can make a skunk's eyes water at 50 feet. Actually, the thing I do best is build stuff and fix stuff. I can fix anything, except a computer. Computers are cool, but I don't understand them yet. Sally's trying to teach me and she says I'm a fast-learner.

My whole family have been turned into robots and work somewhere in Robotropolis. I was lucky that Uncle Chuck helped me escape with Sonic, but I sure miss my family. Even my two geeky brothers. But with Sonic's speed and Sally's brains, some day Robotnik's gonna bite the big one.

Boomer

Yeah!

Sonic says I move with all the speed of a lava flow. Actually, that's true, but in the water I'm a torpedo! Nobody can beat me. Actually Sonic can beat me. He can run fast under water, too.

One more thing, then I have go and to eat some fish -- I love to play practical jokes. Everyone is fair game, even Sonic. But my favorite target is Antione's hair. He's always combing and fussing with it, but one blast of my 'Death-Ray' frizzes it into a million knots and makes him crazed. (LAUGHS)

"See ya."

Boomer moves O.S. as a tall, BLACK MAN with full snow-white beard enters, using gnarled walking stick. A bird perches on his shoulder. He smiles, showing a lot of teeth, and speaks softly in a slight, undetermined accent. "My name is NATE MORGAN and I'm one hundred and ten years young. My mind is young, but my body's not speakin' to my mind, so its somewhere in between. (CHUCKLES) I've lived in the great outdoors most of my days, though I spent some years at the King's Castle where I was his Majesty's environmental advisor. But walls bother me, so I moved back here. Every animal, every bird and insect is my friend. Part of my extend family. So are the Freedom Fighters, of which I am a proud member.

Nate Morgan

Those kids're the best and without 'em we'd be in a whole heap of deeper trouble than we're already in. I can't go on their missions on account of this bum leg, but I still pull my weight. Yes, sir. I tell stories, or jokes when I can think of 'em, sing a little, do some magic tricks, heal 'em when they're sick or injured and give advice on everything from romance to

Robotnik. I treat 'em all the same, includin' Princess Sally,...with love and respect.

God bless 'em.

But the Princess is special. She's carrying a heavy weight on her young shoulders, knowing that if her father doesn't return, she'll become ruler of Mobius. Now that is a heap of responsibility for a young girl, and knowin' Sally like I do, she'll want to rule with the same kind wisdom as her father.

I know she can do it, I've just gotta convince her.

There was a time many, many years ago when I trained to be a wizard. I was pretty good, too, then my life turned in different directions and I gave it up. I kept my Big Book of Spells and I can still work a bit of magic. From time to time, even my ESP works, but it's not what I'd call dependable. Sometimes I'll make a prediction and just the opposite'll happen. Or worse, nothin' will happen. (CHUCKLES) But my battin' average is still pretty good. In fact, I predict it's time I get on with myself. Take good care." He geatures and disappears in a PUFF OF SMOKE.

Antoine

A handsome TEENAGED BOY enters combing his hair. He bows, flashing a Pepsodent smile and speaks in slight British accent. "Hello. I'm ANTOINE D' COOLETTE. I don't know what that little twit Sonic told you, so permit me to set the record straight. At sixteen, I was one of the youngest Royal Guards in the King's Palace. The day Robotnik took over, my main concern was for Princess Sally, for whom I would gladly lay down my life. At

considerable personal risk, I whisked her away to the Great Forest, but en route we were intercepted by a band of Robotnik's Swat-Bots who were intent on kidnapping the Princess.

Of course, I fought valiantly, but the odds were far too great. Then, Sonic and his band bumbled into the battle, inadvertently creating a diversion which enabled me to single-handedly vanquish the Robot's and save the Princess.

Naturally, she has adored me since.

Can't blame her, really. After all, I'm tall, have chiseled good looks, terribly intelligent, and I posess the courage of a thousand Hedgehogs. (LAUGHS a la TERRY THOMAS) For some odd reason, the Princess considers Sonic a friend as well, but for the life of me I can't fathom why. Perhaps it's out of pity. After all, Sonic is rude, crude, and most pitiful of all -- short! (LAUGHS)

Sonic leads this pack of adolescent roughians called The Freedom Fighters, who actually believe they're going to find the King, restore him to power and eliminate Robotnik.

Poppycock, I say!

Since we all live in Knothole, The Freedom Fighters pester me constantly to lend a hand, of which I am more than happy to do, knowing how desperately they need me. I'm also in charge of guarding the power ring grotto, which is probably the most important job in all of Knothole. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go." He hurries off holding his crotch like he really does have to go.

A tall, evil-looking MAN shaped like an egg, appears with a ROBOTIC CHICKEN called CLUCK, perched on his thickly gloved-arm like a fat falcon. The Man smiles, egg-shaped eyes bulging behind thick glasses. "I am Dr. ROBOTNIK, brilliant scientist, inventor and ruler of Mobius. People say I am a terrible, evil man, but that's absolutely untrue. I only want what's good for Mobius, and if that means turning every living thing on the planet into a robot, then so be it." Cluck CLUCKS and lays a metal egg in Robotnik's hand. He tosses it O.S. and there's a big EXPLOSION. "Perhaps you're curious as to my love for eggs and chickens, or why I'm shaped like an egg. It happened several years ago while working in my lab late one night dissecting a rotten egg. Suddenly the whole place exploded and the essence of rotten-eggness blended with my DNA and here I am.

I also love machines.

I have machines of every shape and size, all of which I created. For instance, I have a machine that turns living things into robots, a machine that brushes my teeth and another that massages my temples. I have machines for everything and they all do exactly what I say.

Just like my Robots.

When my dream is complete, Mobius will be the perfectly controlled world, without music or fun or any living things! A perfect world as the egg is the perfect food.

However, there is a fly in the ointment. His name is Sonic, the Hedgehog, leader of the Freedom Fighters, the dregs of a

failed society of miserable fun worshipers who's time in the fun is over.

I won't be happy until they are all Robots.

"So far they have eluded me, but one day soon I will make Sonic my personal Slave!" Robotnik doesn't notice a small, toady-looking MAN come up behind him. He COUGHS. Robotnik wheels, Cluck poised to attack. "What is it, Quizley?" The little man salutes and says in a TOADY VOICE, "Sorry, Dr. Robotnik, but I'm supposed to introduce myself." Robotnik SIGHS. So does Cluck. "This is Quizley, my assistant and third cousin on my mother's side." Quizley smiles and nods. "Some day Quizley wants to be in charge and have me work for him. What a joke, right, Cluck?" Cluck nods and SNICKERS. "Yolk's on me, Boss," says Quizley, speaking in 'egg-ese', hoping to make points with Robotnik. "I'll crack the jokes, you little toad!" says Robotnik. So much for points. "Bring me an egg sandwich, over easy, on egg bread." Quizley toadies O.S.

"Now, let me introduce some of my more ferocious Robot creations. First there's CRABMEAT, a giant BIONIC SHELLFISH with a nasty temper and a deep hatred for Hedgehogs. Just hearing the name "Sonic" causes steam to shoot from his ears. Crabmeat reminds me of Danny De Vito with a headache.

There is another brilliant creation I call BUZZBOMBER. He's a mutant DRAGONFLY with built-in afterburners, powerful laser cannons and a Hedgehog-seeking missile. Buzz is a bit clumsy on his landings due to his considerable size, but still a force to contend with, believe me.

My personal favorite is CATERKILLER, a CREEPY CRAWLER of the worst kind. He has one hundred legs and I've programmed him to walk all over those miserable Freedom Fighters. A particularly nice touch is his Jack Nicholson grin. He even sounds like him.

I also created the SWAT-BOT ENFORCERS, a squadron of Robots who patrol Mobius, looking for that little cretin, Sonic, his deviant friends, or any Mobite who still roams free. The Freedom Fighters haven't been caught yet, but they will. They will.

"Fate and time is on my side."

KNOTHOLE

SCREE-EEECHH!!! Sonic SKIDS IN scarfing a chili dog, smoke curling from the bottoms of his glowing-hot sneakers. "Okay, now I wanna tell you about a really cool place called KNOTHOLE. It's the secret place where me and all the other Freedom Fighters live. Other people hang there, too. Most of 'em pretty cool, if you don't count Ant. But every village has gotta have an idiot, right? (LAUGHS) Anyways, Knothole has problems like any neighborhood -- jealousies, snoopy neighbors, gossip -- normal stuff. But it's still a happenin' place. We use solar power, wind-mills, tons of recycling programs, stuff like that. Everyone has a job and they do it.

Knothole

Butt-Nik swears he's gonna find Knothole and dust it off the map, but so far he doesn't have a clue where it is. Best kept secret in the whole Universe. Check this,...to get there, you pull a hidden vine, which pops a trap door in the bottom of a big tree lyin' at a steep angle and pointin' down into this canyon that has all these giant trees growin' up out of it, so you can't see it.

Even from the air.

Once the ol' trap door opens, you jump in and take off down this hectic slide carved inside the tree. Boomer built the slide and its the best. The tree is really huge and all gnarly and totally twisted, so it's a jammin' ride with sweet curves, dips, mondo-moguls, loops, triple loops, major drops -- total psyche job. Near the bottom you level off, then come shootin' out the

end really juicin' about 10 feet off the ground and make this sweet landing in a big ol' haystack.

Way past cool.

Gettin' back up ain't as easy. We have this creaky, wooden elevator powered by a windmill, but if the wind ain't blowin', Bunnie mans the hand-crank and up you go. I don't use the elevator. Too slow. I just juice it to the top.

Knothole

Knothole ain't exactly Mobotropolis, but it's no hick town, either. We grow all our own food (except chili dogs), we've got computers, a library, our own band, happenin' parties, even a school. But best of all, there's no Swat-Bots tellin' us what to do. Still, cool as Knothole is, I really miss the Big City.

It was the best.

MOBOTROPOLIS

Mobotropolis

There were tall buildings that looked like they reached the sky. A river you could swim and fish in, lotsa parks, dance clubs, trees, movies, chili dogs -- but it really sucks now. Serious. Sky's all smokey. Trees're dead. Giant junkyards everywhere. River's a swamp and all the colors are gone. Just black and gray and dark shades of blue. No life on the streets. Only Swat-Bots. And if you want a chili dog you gotta buy it on the blackmarket. They have these secret chili dog stands underground and you have to use a secret pass word to get in.

I hate Butt-Nik. Serious.

There's some other stuff I should tell you about, too. Important stuff. Like the magical POWER RINGS. There used to be

a hundred of 'em scattered all over Mobius, now there's only eighty-seven. We found twelve and Butt-Nik lucked-out with one.

King Acorn was really smart and with Nate Morgan's help, he created The Rings in case someone like Butt-Nik ever took over. In fact, the Rings are the reason Sally knows her father is still alive, because Butt-Nik wants the Rings' magical powers and the King is the only one who knows where they are.

See, whoever finds a Ring can have one wish just by touchin' the Ring. Not anything you want. There's restrictions. I mean, you can't just wish for Robotnik to go away and things are suddenly the way they used to be. That'd be way past cool, but it ain't gonna happen. Basically, there's two kinds of wishes: Knowledge and power. Like, if you have a major problem but can't solve it, you can wish for the answer. And if you need to fly, be somewhere else instantly, be strong, whatever, you can wish for that, too. But there's a catch. You have to be true of heart. If you're a bad guy, the wish won't come true. It absolutely drives Butt-Nik up the old wall, 'cause his heart is black to the core.

There's another catch, too.

You've gotta be careful what you wish for. Like, if your wish is to fly, it might be over in five seconds. You hever know. It's hectic!

The Rings aren't easy to find, either.

They could be anywhere. But there is <u>one</u> place we're sure to find some. You just have to be patient. It's right in Knothole. Serious. In a little grotto. Like a hot spring.

Every once in a while a Ring just comes boppin' up to the surface, turning everything this excellent gold color. Problem is, the Ring will only float for a minute or so, then sinks again. So we have to keep a guard there twenty-four hours a day. Ant is in charge of the guards and he totally thinks he's the King. Serious.

One more catch to the Rings. They're hard to find. Real hard. They're all different sizes and cleverly hidden in places shaped like rings. A manhole in the street, a clock face, that kinda stuff. Life is hard.

One last thing. I hate talkin' about this stuff, 'cause its the only thing on the whole planet that slows me down. It's called MEGA-MUCK. Sludgy, slimy lookin' gunk that can stop me in a Mobius-minute. It's all over the place, 'specially out here in the Great Forest. But it's hard to see, so I've gotta keep the ol' eyes peeled. Swat-Bot's have some, too, and they're always settin' traps with it.

"Anyways, that's it for me. Gotta juice!"

VA-ROO-OOOOMMM!!!

"Hasta la vista, Meestah!"

STORYLINES

1.) "BUG-OFF" -- Robotnik invents a computer bug -- a tiny, bloodhound robot that he hopes will track down the solar computers hidden in the Forest that The Freedom Fighters use to access the Power Rings. The "bug" winds up at Knothole after Bonnie Rabbot picks it up in the Great Forest and feels sorry for it. The plan is working better than Robotnik had hoped. Our Freedom Fighters have a tiny traitor right in their midst and don't even know it.

2.) "THE QUEST" -- Robotnik announces to Quizley that he's come up with the perfect plan to capture Sonic and Sally and turn them into robots. If it works, all the other miserable Freedom Fighters will follow. His plan: lure them out of hiding by broadcasting a false communique on his computer network that The King has been found in a remote area of Mobius.

When Sonic and Princess Sally see the message, both suspect a trap, but Sally can't afford not to check it out. They'll just have to be ready for anything.

Sonic, Sal and the Freedom Fighters set out to find The King and their quest takes them into strange, unexplored regions of their planet, unaware that Antoine D'Coolette is following, hoping to find the King first and finally win Sally's heart. They reach their destination where Robotnik is waiting with his elaborate trap, the King himself. Or so it seems. Despite Antoine's infernal interference, at the last second, Sonic and

The Freedom Fighters discover the King is only a robotic impersonator and turn the tables on Robotnik. In the end, Sally is saddened that their mission failed, but more determined than ever to find her father and return him to the throne.

3.) "HEADS OR TAILS" -- When Sonic plans to head for the city and into Robotnik territory to check on his dog, Muttski, his Uncle Chuck and get some chili dogs for Sal's surprise birthday party, Tails begs to tag along. Sonic refuses at first, but the little Fox is so persistent as only little kids can be, that Sonic finally gives in. Problems start when our two Freedom Fighters find themselves in the middle of a Swat Bot rally -- a planning session for the destruction of their own little corner of the Forest where Knothole is located. Sonic and Tails try to sneak out of the city and back to Knothole to prepare their defense, but in the process, Tails is captured by the Swat Bots, and Robotnik plans to "ROBO-TIZE" him for spying.

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